THE REPOSITORY,

AND

Ladies' Weekly Museum.

BY SOLOMON SLENDER, ESQ.

VOL. VI.] PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 11, 1806. [No. 4.

☞ The price of this paper is 6¼ cents each number, payable every four weeks, or 3 dollars a year to those who pay in advance. Subscribers who adopt the latter mode of payment, shall be entitled to have their volume elegantly *extra* half-bound, *gratis*.—Subscribers residing at a distance, either to pay in advance, or procure some responsible person, in this city, to become answerable for the money as it becomes due.

[We beg leave to call the attention not only of our readers, but of every liberal, unprejudiced and uncorrupted AMERICAN, to the ensuing article from the 'Albany Gazette.' We perfectly agree with the writer, and sincerely hope that our Countrymen will duly appreciate the merits of the BALANCE, and, by their increasing patronage, reward the talents and industry of its Editor.]

THE BALANCE.—While there are many newspapers which give the current news of the day, insert advertisements, and are extremely useful to men of business, there are few which are devoted to the propagation of sound principles, political and moral. This seems to be occasioned by a mercenary disposition, too prevalent, and by the want of a sufficient support.

Among the papers edited in the United States, The Balance, by Mr Crosswell, at Hudson, is entitled to stand in the first rank. From the beginning it excited the attention of the discerning, and has, of late, by no means, diminished as to the ability, correctness and prudence, with which it is conducted. Not to depreciate other papers, it is perhaps the most useful one to be taken into a family; the one from which they will derive the most instruction and improvement. To avoid every possible ground of offence, let it be repeated, that the papers in this city [*Albany*] are respectably edited, and answer a very valuable purpose; but *The Balance*, besides important news, and a few advertisements, embraces other objects. It contains Political, Moral and Religious matter, which are of great concern to all. It possesses this advantage too, that, being published but once a week, the Editor has time to prepare, select, and arrange; and from being published in the quarto size, can conveniently be bound up in volumes.

With all the merit, however, to which the paper has an indisputable claim, it has not that extensive circulation which it ought and might be expected to have. It is not sufficiently known. Some will not take it, because it is said to be *federal*. Away with such nonsense! Let us honour understanding, wit, and industry, wherever found. While we encourage the papers in the place where we reside, let us extend our patronage, so far as in our power, to every man who is diligent and eminent in promoting the public good.

The writer of this has never seen Mr CROSSWELL; and therefore can have no other view in recommending his paper, than the estimation in which it has always been held.

A FRIEND TO MERIT.

FOR THE REPOSITORY.

THE MELANGE.

By William Various, & Co.

Variety's pleasing, and here you will find
Many things to engage the various mind.

The following occurrence took place a few weeks ago, and though it evinces no transcendence of wit in the writer, yet is considered as worthy of record, were it only as a specimen of modern fashionable veracity. Two young medicinal blades, recently arrived in this city, being desirous to render themselves conspicuous objects in the beau monde, went severally, and at different periods of time, to an eminent taylor, to whom they had been recommended, in order to procure the necessary habiliments. The gentleman who had bespoken his first, received them in due course of time, and on trying on a very essential part (the breeches) found they were almost too tight to be worn; and thereupon expressed his displeasure to the maker, who solemnly assured him, "*'twas all the fashion.*' This assurance reconciled the difference. The brother, a day or two afterwards, received those intended for him, and observing that his breeches were uncommonly large, went to the man of the shears to tender his deplorable complaints. The taylor, having no suspicion that he had been informed of the encomiums passed upon the tightness of the others, very modestly

but more sagaciously, replied ''Tis all the fashion, sir.'—Thus wags the fashionable world.

Those who are in the habit perusing Relf's gazette, cannot but recollect to have seen a splendid advertisement of one Humbert Droz, a watchmaker, suing for a portion of public patronage. Citizen Droz is humbly solicited to annex the subsequent paragraph to his next essay on the *inability* and *perfectness* of human deeds. It is equally as incomprehensible to men of common sense as his curious jargon.

Inscription on the sign-board of a Watchmaker at Oxford—'Here are fabricated and renovated trochiliac horologies, portable and permament, linguaculus or taciturnal; whose circumgirations are performed by internal spiral elastic or extensive pendulous plumbages; diminutives, simple or compound, invested with aurent or argent integuments.'

Dr Anderson, in his life of Chatterton, observes with much correctness, that tho' it may not be the effect of infidel principles to plunge the person who becomes unfortunately infected with them into an immediate course of flagrant and shameless depravity, they *seldom fail to unhinge the mind, and render it the sport of some passion unfriendly to our happiness and prosperity.*

Mr Collin, Rector of the Swedish Church in this city, has commenced a series of essays in Mr Poulson's paper, addressed to Europeans of all nations, resident in the U. S. on the great advantages which would ensue to them, were they zealously to endeavour to preserve their respective languages. Mr C. may achieve the subject he has assumed to the perfect satisfaction of those to whom he consecrates the productions about to be published; but if his first number be allowed to be a criterion for succeeding ones, we shall certainly dissent from the opinion that his efforts to convince Europeans of the propriety of retaining their own languages, will be characterised by soundness of reasoning, or conclusive sentiments. This number begins very handsomely, and the first paragraph, both as to rectitude of sense, and correctness of expression, may encounter, without much censure, the ordeal of any critic's judgment. The second drowns the whole of what he had before said, and shews so total an unacquaintance with the principles and *faculties* of the English language, that we cannot repress a remark it has occasioned.—'But for all this, the English ' is not a sufficient vehicle for useful knowledge.'—Mr C. must, most assuredly, have forgotten the half hundred 'Solemn Warnings,' he wrote for the benefit of the Citizens of Philadelphia, or he would never have uttered an idea so egregiously absurd and illiberal. We do not maintain a doubt but that his Solemn Warning contained much useful information; therefore this assertion is fairly disproved by his own writings: and although we revere the professional character of this gentleman, and do not wish to express our compassion on the foibles of a man, who possesses so many preponderating virtues, yet we must declare, that an assertion of our language wanting copiousness, could have originated only in ignorance, or an incapacity how to employ it.

Competency and Liberty are the true sweeteners of life. That state of mind, so rarely possessed, wherein a man can say, with sincerity, 'I have enough,' is the highest attainment of philosophy. Happiness does not consist in having an abundance, but in having a sufficiency. This is the reason why Kings and Princes are seldom happy; for they always desire more than what is bestowed on them, and are incessantly urged to attempt more than is within the boundaries of their power to obtain. He who wants little, always has a competency.

A fragile mind cannot retain a great hope; the outweighing sensations of joy give it passage, and it soon introduces itself into existence.

We admire women for the beauty of their faces, and the fascination of their persons. Virtue is always represented as celestially elegant—Why do we not adore her?

Turning over some old French papers, we met with the following lines, which are said to have been engraved, with a common nail, on a tin cup, by the celebrated but unfortunate Baron Trenck, during his imprisonment. We hope that some person will favour us with a translation.

Ce n'est pas un moineau
Gardé dans cette cage;
C'est un de ces oiseaux;
Qui chantent dans l'orage.
Ouvres, amis des sages!
Brisez fers et verrous!
Ses chants dans vos boccages
Rejailliront pour vous!

—

Le rossignol chante, vosci la raison,
Pourquoi qu'il est pris: pour chanter en prison
Voyons le moineau, qui fait tant de dommage,
Jouir de la vie, sans craindre la cage.
Voila un portrait,
Qui montre l'effet
Du bonheur des frippons, du desastre des sages.

Newspapers and women of *libtral* virtue are in one respect nearly allied; they absorb our senses for a transient moment, and are then treated with contempt.

The observation that 'genuine elegance needs not the superfluous assistance of art,' is extremely trite. It is universally verified; for we never see true beauty otherwise adorned than by the charming and neat maid of simplicity.

The shafts of satire should never be exercised but in a good cause, nor ought they to be applied to men of eccentrick dispositions, merely because they are eccentrick; but if they have vices, and perform not their duties to society, then let the power of ridicule rush 'like a torrent' upon their guilty heads.

A man looks enchanted, says Mrs D'Arblay, while his beautiful young bride talks nonsense; it comes so prettily from her ruby lips, and she blushes and dimples with such lovely attraction while she utters it; he casts his eyes around him with conscious elation to see her admirers, and his enviers; but he has amply his turn for looking like a fool himself, when youth and beauty take flight, and his ugly old spouse exposes her ignorance or folly at every word.

THE MORALIST.

From the Boston Magazine.

———"Intus et in Jecore ægra
Nascuntur Domini."

It is very common for people to excuse the enormities of their conduct, by talking of their passions, as if they were under the controul of a blind necessity, and sinned because they could not help it. Before any man resorts to an excuse of this kind, it will be well for him to consider the justice of it, and be sure, that what he attempts to palliate is strictly natural, and does not spring either from the neglect of education, or the crime of self-indulgence.

What can be more degrading to a being whose inherent attribute is free agency, and whose distinguished faculty is reason, than to screen himself from the dread of responsibility, under the humiliated apology of mental slavery? It is as if he should say,—Excuse the irregularities of my conduct, for I am a brute, and not a man; I follow instinct, and renonnce all claim to reason; my actions govern me, not I my actions:—and yet such persons will generally set up this plea, in excuse for those passions in particular, which have their origin in that stage of life, when the human life ought to have the use and possession of reason; an imposition so glaring that it convicts itself, notwithstanding, that whilst the sensualist is avowing the irresistible violence of his propensities, it is so often seen that vanity receives it as only an atonement for the most base attempts; nay, such is the perversion of principle in some men, that it frequently passes with them as a recommendation even of that sex, the purity of whose minds should be their sovereign grace and ornament.

When we reflect upon the variety of passions to which the human mind is liable, it seems as if reason, which is expressly implanted in us for their controul, was greatly overpowered by such a host of turbulent insurgents; but, upon a more close examination, we may find that reason has many aids, and though her antagonists are many, yet that they are divided and distracted, whilst she can turn one passion against another, so as to counterbalance any power by its opposite, and make evil instruments, in her hands, conducive to moral ends. N

SONG.....By Mrs Opie.

Yes, Mary-Anne, I freely grant
The charms of Henry's eyes I see,
But, while I gaze, I something want—
I want those eyes—to gaze on me.

And I allow in Henry's heart
Not Envy's self a fault can see;
Yet still I must one wish impart—
I wish that heart to sigh for me.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

Only a few days since, a *petite maitresse* wore her hat in an oblique direction, her hair at the side, and her comb with the upside down; now good taste ordains that her ringlets, the hat and the comb should be in their natural position. The most fashionable combs are still in the basket shape. The *montres de cou*, which, for a long time, were only a fancy jewel, are now in almost general use. They are sometimes of mother-of-pearl, enamelled and gilt, in an Egyptian vase, entirely gold, in the shape of a perfume box, set with pearls, &c. They are also of the shape of the chalice of a tulip, chased.

The bodies of the carriages have not changed their shape; they are still of the Gondola fashion, excessively rounded, and very low. Contrary to custom the carriage is frequently of the same colour as the body, but picked out in gold. At the present moment, sky blue, dark blue, vermillion and grey are the prevailing colours.

Jewellers, goldsmiths chasers, cabinet-makers, paper-makers, all consult each other's taste so much, that it is not an uncommon thing to see, in the same apartment, the tapestry, the clock, the service of plate, and the dress of the Ladies, all of the same designs.

To secure herself from the sharp winds, without adopting a winter dress, an *elegante* wears a tafeta riding coat over her thin robe. These riding coats have, at the upper part of the arm, a thick plaited puffing. Grey, or hazlewood, are two prevailing colours for this coat.

The floors of the dining-parlours are still painted in *agate*, and almost all the apartments are spread with plain cloth, with large borders of copper gilt, in relief, or embroideries in worsted, forming a striking contrast with a bright ground.

Let those *sectaries*, who decry every thing which proceeds from their opponents merely for opposition's sake, read the following passage by Dr. Middleton, which is not less valuable for excellence of sentiment than the beauty of the simile with which it closes. "I look on the discovery of any thing that is true, as a valuable acquisitioh to society, which cannot possibly hurt or obstruct the good effect of any other truth whatsoever; for they all possess one common essence, and necessarily coincide with each other, and like the drops of rain, which fall separately into the river, mix themselves at once with the stream, and strengthen the general current.

[*Boston Magazine.*

'My good Madam,' said the excellent Jeremy Taylor, to some indulgent mother, 'if you do not fill your child's head with something, believe me, the devil will.' [*ib.*

The cause of truth and literature is never benefited by petulant prejudice and scurrilous invective.

[*ib.*

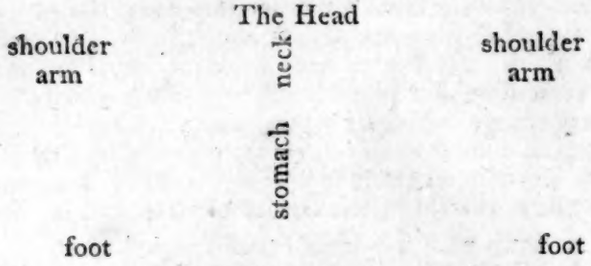
FOR THE REPOSITORY.

Mr Slender,

Agreeably to a request of your correspondent *Jacobus*, I send you a sketch of those parts of the human frame, of which the ladies will allow themselves and the gentlemen to be composed. They are those only which are most frequently mentioned, that I shall particularize—for, to give you a full description of every minute part, which goes to the constituting of the *fashionable composition* of the sexes, would require the aid of an engraver, to draw anatomical figures thereof. Perhaps this might be worth the expense of one, who can afford it, to shew how ladies would have formed man, had they created him—

SKETCH I.

Fashionable component parts of a Lady.



Notes.—1. The head may have hair upon it. Eyes, Ears [*no wax in them*] and mouth are allowed—a nose in the face is not objected to, provided it be clean. Teeth may be good, 'decayed,' but not rotten—false, either taken from a negroe's mouth,* or from the —— of a Bee.† The breath must not stink, but it may be *very disagreeable.* The tongue is the most essential, or rather volatile part of a female, and she would rather lose her head than it.

2. Shoulders are very vulgar.

3. I know no objection to *sides*, if no others are mentioned than right and left.

4. Your Correspondent is 'terribly immodest,' to talk of '*Ladies' ancles*,'—they have no such things. There is nothing between their stomach and the ground, but their pretty little feet, and these are without any such 'low,' 'vulgar,' 'ugly' things, as *toes*, or toe-nails.

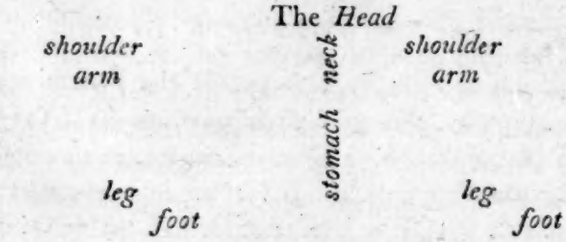
As to dress, nothing dares come nearer the skin than a gown. To wear *drawers* would be shocking, qnite outrageous indeed.

* A thing not unfrequently done.

† White wax is allnded to. If I *mere* more particular, I should be censured with transgressing the outlines above sketched, which no doubt the ladies would apply to the BODY of a Bee, or any tning else, to find ME guilty of indecency.

SKETCH II.

Fashionable component parts of a gentleman.



Notes.—1. The head is liable to the same exceptions as in Sketch 1, adding *brains*, as they were not mentioned there, the author being at a loss to know whether the Ladies have any, he never having observed any symptoms of them. With regard to brains in the gentlemen, the ladies make this distinction—they allow them to be in the head of a *man of sense*—but, out of pure good nature and regard, they will give none to *fops* their favourites, fearing, that, in the course of their *dashing*, they should have them beaten out against a post.

Now, Mr Slender, what would you think of a pair formed, not as the Almighty would have formed them, but agreeably to the model of a fashionable lady? Do you think the fair sex would desire a union in matrimony with a fellow, built upon their plan? No. Is it not——— But I leave further surmises to yourself, and those who choose to make them; concluding with a wish, that you will order, by your sovereign authority, copies of the above to be printed, and delivered to such persons as Jacobus, and a plentiful supply to those young *quaking* sons of Æsculapius, who, after 'tending lectures,' swarm about your Room....to whom they may be extremely useful, many of them having been put to the non-pluses for want thereof. Yours, &c.

BOB AT'EM.

A Correspondent has requested me to inform Jacobus, that, if he should again venture himself into female company, instead of *knees*, to say *second-joints*.

Mr Slender,

Had the sapient Jacobus been so far initiated into the ways of the world, as to have known that *Decency* is indipensibly requisite in fashionable circles, he would not have tortured his ingenuity to discover a sarcasm to be levelled at the female world. If we are to be censured by every upstart wit for delicacy of thought, the times are grown vitiated indeed, and I think the remedy intended to be applied, will prove equally as disgraceful as the malady. *Choice words* for expressing our sentiments

in Company; and if it happens that an impertinent scribbler should be an auditor, he has no justifiable motive in reprobating our want of vulgar phrases. No wonder, that females can vindicate themselves so successfully when your most judicious cynics can only discover our almost imperceptible foibles. Thank heaven! the profound wisdom and discernment of man, in scrutinizing our actions, can but expose our trifling defects, and our vices are so annihilated, as to remain uncensured. I wish from my heart, that the ladies would establish a *retorting* society, for the purpose of opposing, if not to silence, the storms of ignorance and ill-natured satire, incessantly bestowed upon the female portion of the community; if such a club were established, I would, without hesitation, immediately enlist myself in the honourable corps.

We might, with much more justiee than Jacobus, express our displeasure of the scandalous indecency of your gentlemen tyros in fashionable life. I know one young man, who cannot converse with a woman for five minutes without letting slip some obscene, low or vulgar expression.

ELLEN.

[The following song was composed by Wm. Ray, late of the Philadelphia, but now one of the marines, on board the U. S. frigate Essex. Mr Ray formerly lived in Washington county in thia state; where, we believe, his friends now reside. Several of his poetical productions, written during his captivity in Tripol, have, heretofore, been printed in the newspapers of this country. N. Y. Gaz.]

INDEPENDENCE.

Tune—Mason's Daughter.

Columbians to remotest time,
Through every age, to every clime,
Shall wake the raptured lay,
To usher in the festal morn,
For Independence first was born
On this auspicious day.

While EATON chides our foes by land,
Behold our fearless squadron stand
The terror of the main:
'Twas these that awed the turbaned race,
Brought Beys and Bashaws to disgrace,
And broke the captive's chain.

And you, whose patriot bosoms glow,
Who all the joys of freedom know,
Columbia's standard rear;
And let your blazing cannon's roar
Proclaim to the Sicilian shore
That Liberty is here.

In memory of th' illustrious dead,
Th' immortal heroes who have bled
Their Country to defend;
Let grateful toasts re-echo round,
And let their fame's eternal sound
From earth to heaven ascend.

Long as the sun the day shall light,
Or moon and stars illume the night,
Or vessels swim the sea;
Our heroes shall our rights maintain;
Our land eternally remain
United, blest and free.

SONG.

By THOMAS MOORE, Esq. the translator of ANACREON.

A captive thus to thee, my girl,
How sweetly shall I pass my age,
Contented, like the playful squirrel,
To wanton up and down my cage.

When death shall envy joy like this,
And come to shade our sunny weather,
Be our last sigh, the sigh of bliss,
And both our souls exhal'd together.

From the "Companion."

My dawn of life was overcast,
And gloomy was the scene;
Sweet Hope was exil'd from my breast,
Where joy had never been.

Sally.

Thus wrapt in misanthropic gloom,
I saw thy lovely face—
The clouds dispers'd from off my brow,
And night to day gave place.

Sally.

Such power, sweet maid! do you possess,
To cheer this heart of mine;
Withdraw not then thy pleasing smile,
And me to grief consign.

Sally.

The following Song, written by a gentleman of this city, was sung by Mr Robbins of the Theatre, at the Dinner given to Captain DECATURE, on Wednesday.

Allur'd by the wealth, which Columbia possess'd,
Mistaking the smiles which her countenance dress'd
The plundering Turk did on tribute insist,
And swore that mere merchants would never resist.

Our Genius, indignant with outrage so base,
Determined to punish the treacherous race;
Her orders are issued, her sons fly to arms,
And Tripoli's tyrant is shook with alarms.
His hopes are reviv'd, when, thrown on his coast,
Brave Bainbridge and all his companions are lost:
But short is the hope—for Decature appears—
His prize wrapt in flames, rekindles his fears.
The gun-boats are mann'd, and advance to the walls:
Decature, still leading, the tyrant appals:
Tho' four times our number, yet nought can withstand
The valour impelling our brave little band.
Touch the softest notes of anguish—
Glory shed thy purest tear:
Triumph, droop thy head, and languish,
O'er the heroe's early bier.
See Decatur, nobly daring—
See him seize the trembling prize;
Treachery strikes him—nothing fearing—
And the gallant victor dies!
Sommers, Caldwell—chains disdaining—
Wrapt in fire, ascend the sky!
Grief oppresses, past complaining,
When our heroes thus must die!
The carnage is past, but our honours remain,
Pure, bright and exalted, untouch'd by a stain;
The heroes return'd, with delight we receive,
And those that are gone, shall in gratitude live.

A cynical gentleman of my acquaintance observes, with how much justice I leave the reader to judge, that he should not be surprised if a general bankruptcy were to take place. For every body, from the opulent merchant down to the mechanic and the retail venders of apples and nuts, now attempt the extravagance, and assume all the airs of 'people of fashion.' A few days ago I went to a tinker in this city, for the payment of an old debt; after the usual cereminal, he told me with a very wry face, that it was not in his power to pay me just then, he having that morning paid his daughter's dancing master, which had drained him of all his ready cash. It were well enough yet if this distemper only affected the middling classes, but I see it has also got a fast hold of kitchen damsels, and men who live from hand to mouth. The first cannot now go abroad without a hat and feather, spencer, &c. and the latter but the owner of a single shirt, must keep a barber to frizzle the hair about his empty head; another spends all he can rake together in keeping a little nag; and others, notwithstanding the scantiness of their resources, must frequent all the haunts of fashionable dissipation.

THE DRAMA.

FOR THE REPOSITORY.

Monday, January 6.

The 'Distressed Mother' was translated, and first printed in the year 1712, from Racine's tragedy of Andromaque, by A. Philips. The translation, from the pen of the great dramatic poet, has evidently rende r d the stile turgid, and has eradicated many of the author's sublime similes, it nevertheless retains many elegant and just expressions. It was first acted at Drury-lane in the above year. The inclemency of the weather on Monday last prevented that crowded house which the tragedy generally brings. The principal male characters are Orestus and Pyrrhus. Mr Cain supported the character of Orestes—the *phrensied, jealous* lover in the most *inanimate* manner we could wish to have seen it. In recording the perfections and imperfections of a performer, the eye of the beholder should not be darkened by *prejudice* to the many faults which are conspicuously placed to his view; nor should he, in being tenacious about trifles, notice that which requires no alterations. Mr Cain is an acknowledged favourite here, and the security of that favour lulls his cares to rest. *Anxious fears*, which must pervade the heart of every actor, who endeavours to please, are unknown to him; the character required a little exertion to render it pleasing, and that support was altogether denied.

Mr Wood *looked* and played the Grecian king with judgment.

Mrs Melmoth's Andromache was performed with dignity and correct taste.

We acknowledge, with satisfaction, the great support the character of Hermione received from Mrs Wignell—this is justly reckoned her forte.

☞ The conclusion of the Pantomime interrupted a very *interesting conversation* between a gentleman in a *scarlet coat and buff pantaloons*, on the stage, and his friend in the stage-box. Such flagrant improprieties should be duly noticed.

Wednesday, Jan. 8.

The Sailor's Daughter, a Comedy, by Mr Cumberland, to whose pen we are indebted for some of the most elegant productions. Mr Cumberland's stile of writing has never failed to give satisfaction. In this instance only

opinions seem to vary. The Sailor's Daughter is generally termed a *flat thing;* it is certain that it contains but few interesting passages. Mr Cain's *cousin John* was an incongruity of imperfections—that was no ways *related* to his professional brethren—the prayer of *Pygmalion* was wanting to give the *statue* animation.

Blisset's Raven, and Jefferson's Hartshorne were admirable. Upon a *third* view, we are able to discover very little merit in Mrs Cunningham's performance. There are some characters though, which we incline to think, she could personate to advantage. Mr Rutherford has an excellent judgment; Varnish was well performed—his figure and voice is much against him.

At the commencement of the Pantomime it is ridiculous to see *stout strapping boys* suspended to personate *Cupids.*

Friday, Jan. 10.

Morton's 'Way to get Married.'—We were disappointed in seeing Francis's name in the bill for Toby Allspice in the room of Jefferson. Mr Harwood could have done justice to Dashall, and let Jefferson resume a character in which he is excellent. Tangent, by Mr Wood, was handsomely performed, as were also the rest of the characters. P.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Messrs. Austin and Kelly, of this city, will in a few days publish an original poem, called 'The Penitential Tyrant,' by Thomas Brannegan.

Mr MAXWELL has in very considerable forwardness, and will soon publish, an elegant edition of the 'Last Lay of the Minstrel.'

A new and promising paper has lately been established at Easton, in this state, entitled 'The Northampton Farmer.' A *good* newspaper has long been wanted in that county.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

'Various' mistook my object in requesting an interview with him. I shall be glad to *hear* from him.

A thing calling itself *Castig u tor*, has afforded me no small portion of amusement. When I have finished the reading of this *severe* gentleman's epistle, he and his learned friend may perhaps hear of something to their advantage. In the meantime, however, I would advise them to remain quiet, if they do not wish to have their names made public.

'The Quack Doctor,' is under consideration.

'A friend of law and order,' cannot appear in this paper.

We shall endeavour to comply with G's request.

The Essay in Vindication of the Stage, promised in a former number, is suppressed at the particular desire of the author.

That our country friends may not have cause to complain of inattention to their letters, we think proper to state, that, from this date, no letters will be accepted, unless the postage is paid.

TO CYNTHIA.

From the Companion.

To love a maid from earliest years,
And bear her image in his breast;
How sad a fate for him who fears
His wishes never can be blest?

Oh Cynthia! pardon if I dare
Repine at ills I must endure,
And ask why thou wast made so fair,
And I was left so very poor.

If fortune, niggard of her store,
E'er claim'd a tear for gifts so few,
Or forc'd a transient sigh for more,
O, Cynthia, it was but for you.

I see another claim those charms,
Which once (forgive this falling tear)
I fondly hop'd might bless these arms,
And which through life shall still be dear.

Yet though my path be strew'd with woe;
Of wasting grief though large my share;
My heart may hope some joy to know,
Since love and you inhabit there.

AN ANACREONTIC;
TO A KISS

Soft child of Love—thou balmy bliss,
Inform me, O delicious Kiss,
Why thou so suddenly art gone?
Lost in the moment thou art won?

Yet go—for wherefore should I sigh?
On Delia's lip, with raptured eye,
On Delia's blushing lip I see
A thousand full as sweet as thee.

SONG.

Sung by Mrs Wignell, in the 'Sailor's Daughter.'

Tell me, tell me truly, gentle cousin John,
He is blind, but you can see,
Where is little Cupid gone?
Let him fly, but not to me—
When that wicked brat has flown,
Then good-morrow, cousin, cousin John.

Love has bow and arrows, gentle cousin John.
Should he aim a shaft at you,
Arrows mortal every one;
That same shaft may wound me too.
When that cruel deed is done,
Then good evening, cousin, cousin John.

Love has chains and fetters, gentle cousin John.
Hymen is a cruel knave,
For he puts those fetters on;
Makes his best of friends his slave.
Farewel love when that is done;
Then good night dear cousin, cousin John.

KATTY FLANNINGAN.

At the dead of the night, when by whiskey inspir'd,
And pretty Katty Flanningan my senses had fir'd,
I tapp'd at her window, when thus she began,
O what the devil are you at, get out you naughty man.

I gave her a look, O as sly as a thief,
Or when hungry I'd view a fine sirloin of beef;
My heart is red hot, says I, but cold is my skin,
So pretty mistress Flanningan, O won't you let me in?

She open'd the door, I sat down by the fire,
And soon was relieved from the cold, wet and mire,
And pleas'd her so mightily, that, ere it was day,
I stole poor Katty's tender heart, and so tripp'd away.

THE WAFER.

From the Columbian Centinel.

This wafer touch'd my Stella's lip,
Where bees might dew nectarious sip;
And I in pleasure to refine,
Press'd the dear rosy seal to mine.

Ah! could I but believe that she
Felt such strong ardent love for me,
As with an impulse warm with bliss,
The wafer from my lip to kiss;

Then, seal'd by love, and fraught with joy,
To Stella would my letters fly,
And she, though we're so far apart,
Might send a kiss to cheer my heart.

EPIGRAM.

Your comedy I've read my friend,
And like the half you pilfer'd best;
But sure the piece you yet may mend,
Take courage, man, and steal the rest.

REMOVED

J RIDDLE's Book-bindery, and Circulating Library, (Shakspeare's head,) from No. 74, south Eighth-street, to No. 96, corner of Third and Chesnut streets, (Shaw's buildings,) where all kinds of EXTRA Book-binding, executed after the late London style, will be carried on as usual.

To the patronizers of his Circulating Library,

J. Riddle returns his most grateful acknowledgments for their past favours, and respectfully solicits a continuance of their patronage.

The subscriber has also opened a Reading-Room for the reception of gentlemen who may honour him with their company. The Room is very convenient, and furnished with seats, writing-tables, ink, pens, paper, &c Several of the best daily papers, published in this city, and the neighbouring states, together with the best American and British periodical publications, and six or eight of the newest novels and plays will be added to the property of the Reading-Room as soon as they are published.

The advantages attending the establishment of a publick Reading-Room, are too obvious to every liberal mind to require any comment in their favour. From humble beginnings the most useful institutions have arisen; and the proprietor confidently hopes, that his unremitting and unwearied exertions to merit publick patronage will be crowned with success.

Terms of the Reading-Room.

Daily Reading, - - -	25 Cents
Single Reading, (or half day,)	12 1-2
Single Play - -	6
Newspapers, from 3 to -	12 1-2

☞ Open from 8 in the morning to 9 in the evening. The books and papers are to be carefully used, and on no account to be taken from the Reading-Room.

Dec. 14, 1805. J. RIDDLE.

Just Published,

And for sale by S. Kelly, No. 76, North Fourth-street, price, bound in Morrocco, 1 dollar, and in Sheep 75 cents.

THE SEASONS,
(In Miniature,)
BY JAMES THOMSON.

Embellished with a number of engravings, and the life of the authour by Samuel Johnson, L.L.D.

☞ Complete files of the 'Philadelphia Repository,' may be had at the above place.

A copy of the 'Journals of Congress,' published by R. Folwell, may be had, on very reasonable terms, by applying at this office.

☞ Wanted, two or three active lads, between 13 and 15 years of age, as apprentices to the printing business. For further particulary inquire at the office of this paper.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED
BY
J. RIDDLE AND L. P. FRANK
At the Library, S W. corner of Chesnut and Third streets.